

№ 23

NOVEMBER

GIGGLE



COMICS

10¢



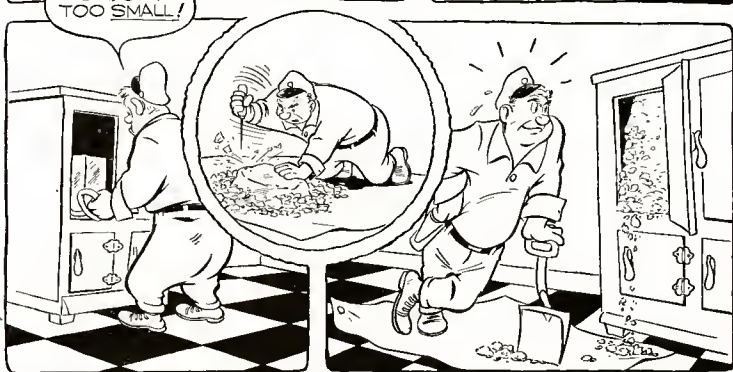
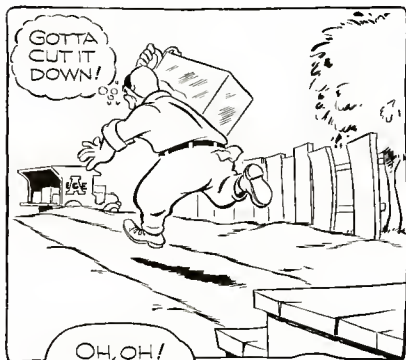
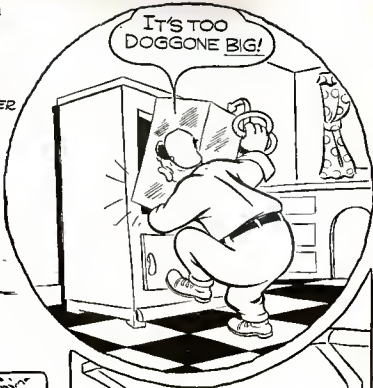
KEN HULTGREN



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HERMYE

BY
GIL TURNER



SUPERKATT

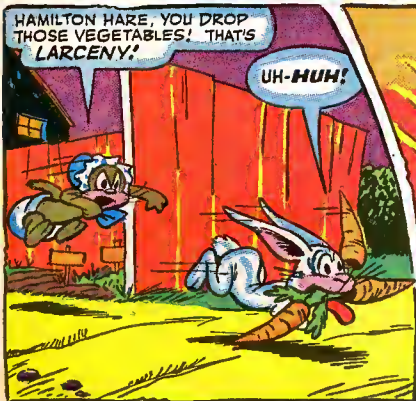
YASSUH, MR. SUPERKATT--
YO' IS ABOUT TA BE
CROWNED KING UB
DE BEASTS!

GEE!



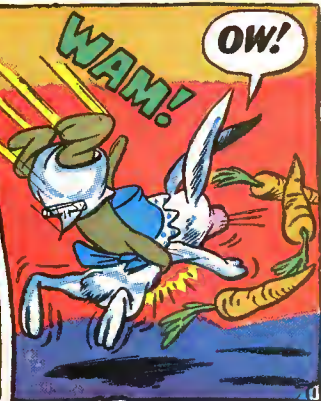
HAMILTON HARE, YOU DROP
THOSE VEGETABLES! THAT'S
LARCENY!

UH-HUH!



WAM!

OW!

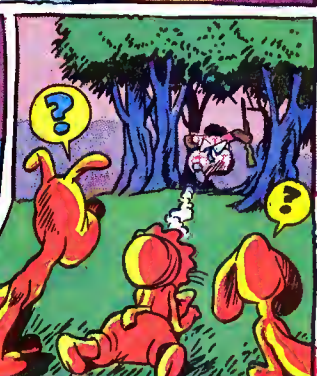
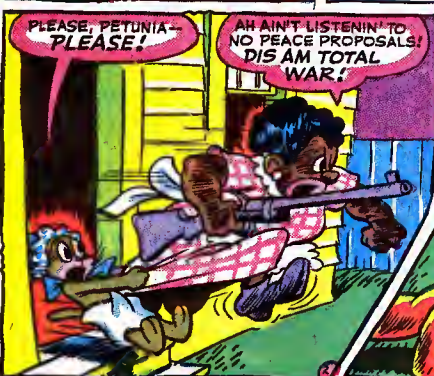
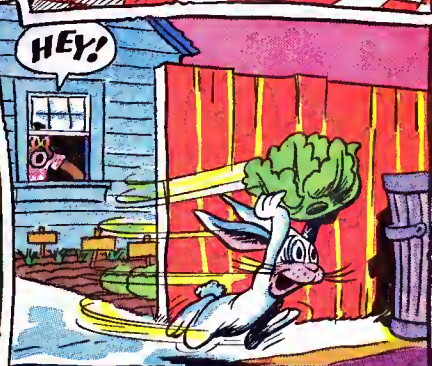
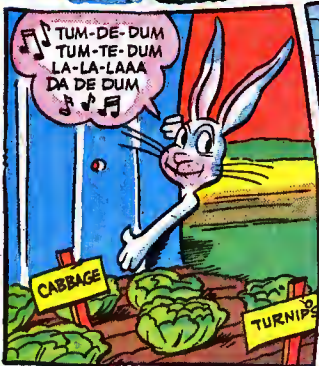
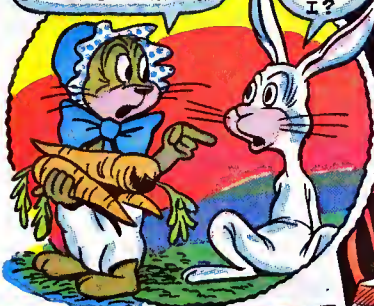


NOW, I'M WARNIN' YA!
PETUNIA AIN'T GONNA
PUT UP WITH MUCH MORE
O' THIS! SHE'S MAD!

OKAY, OKAY:
I SAID I
HOLD YA,
DIDN'T
I?

THERE YOU ARE,
PETUNIA! AS
USUAL, SUPERKATT
FIXES THINGS
WITHOUT
UNNECESSARY
BLOODSHED!

UMMM! BUT AH
STILL THINKS DAT
LONG-EARED ANIMILE
SHOULD BE
SHOT!
YASSUH!



OH-HHH! MY NERVES
WON'T STAND IT! THE
THOUGHT OF POOR
POOR HAMILTON...
ULP!

**BANG!
BANG!**

OH, MR.
SUPERKATT!
WAIT!

**BANG!
BANG!**

**MISTER
SUPERKATT!**

**WHO WUZ
DAT?**

**DAT'S HAMILTON'S
WIFE AN' KIDS!
PATHETIC,
AIN'T IT?**

**PLEASE, SIR-- CUT THE
DRAMATICS AN' DO
SOMETHIN' PRACTICAL!**

**BUT THERE'S
NOTHIN' I
CAN DO!**

**BUT THERE
MUST BE
SOME WAY!
YOU JUS'
GOTTA
SAVE
HAMILTON!**

**YEH, I KNOW-- BUT
HOW? PETUNIA AIN'T
IMPRESSED BY SUPER
THINGS-- EVEN CATS!
NOT UNLESS IT WUZ A--**

--A--

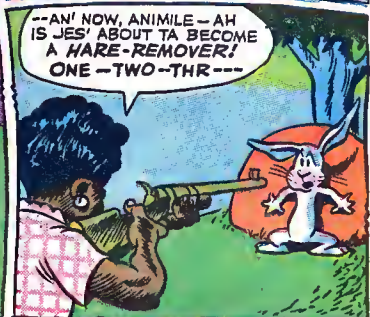
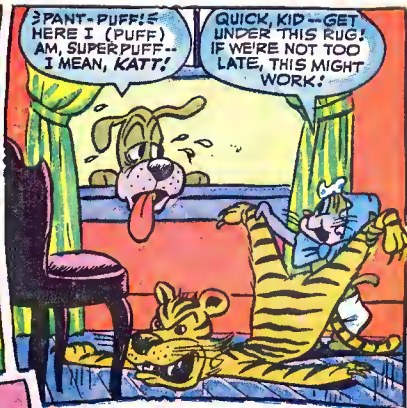
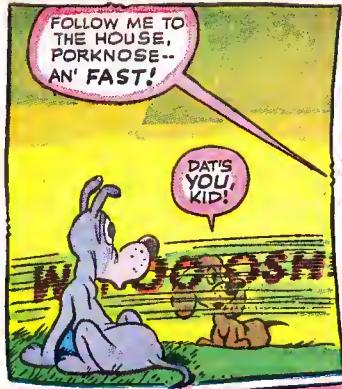
I GOT IT!

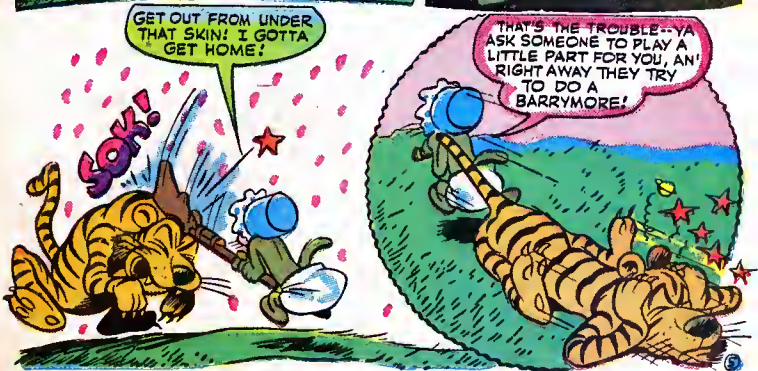
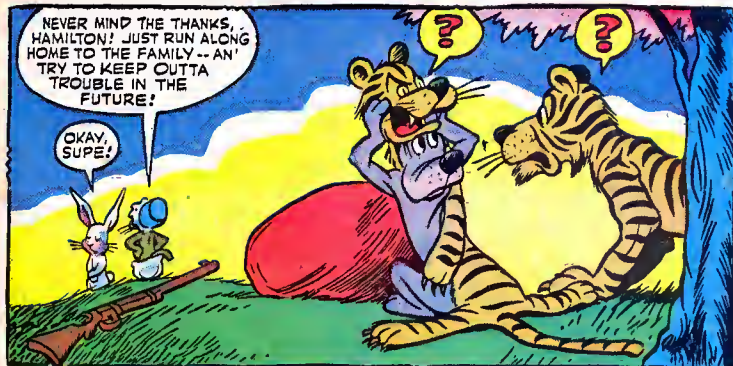
BLAH!

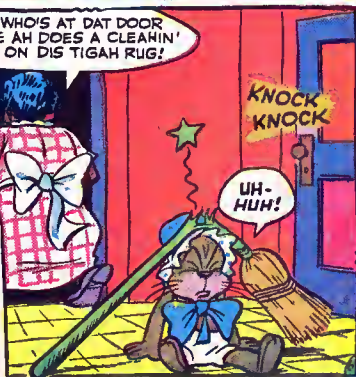
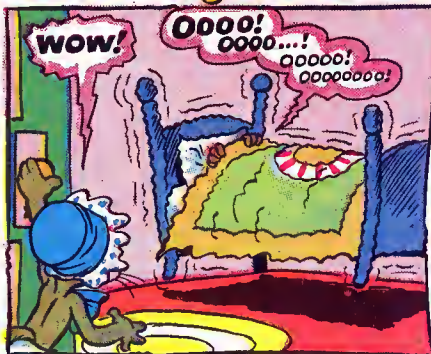
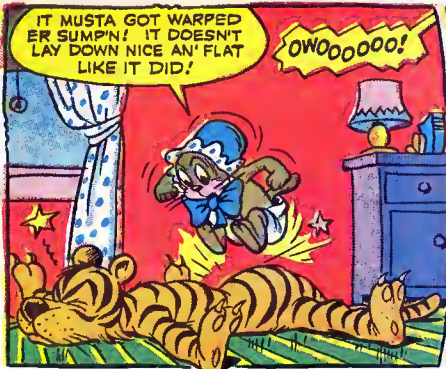
**DAILY BURP
TIGER ESCAPES
FROM CIRCUS!**

READ THE

**NE
CA
MAGAZINES
PAPERS**







BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, PORKNOSE! PETUNIA'S IN THERE CLEANING OUR RUG NOW!

DEN SHE'S PROB'LY DE FOIST WOMAN IN HISTORY TA CLEAN A REAL TIGER!

A REAL TIGER?

DAILY BURP
TIGER ESCAPES FROM CIRCUS!

NEWSPAPER

BR-RRR!

H-HALP!

SQUINCH!

IS DERE A FRANK BUCK IN DE HOUSE? GANGWAY!

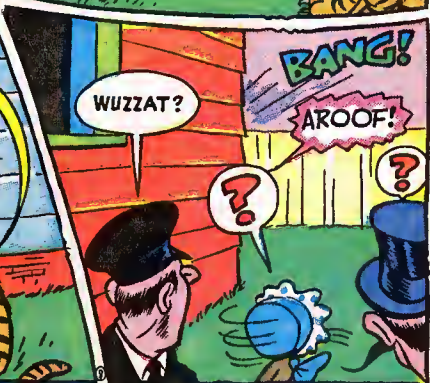
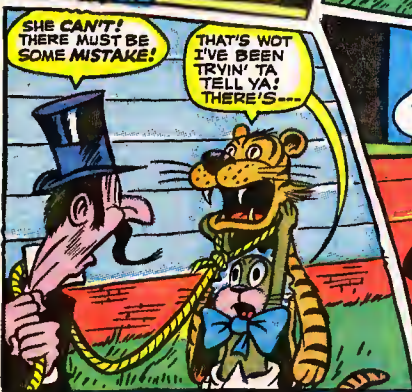
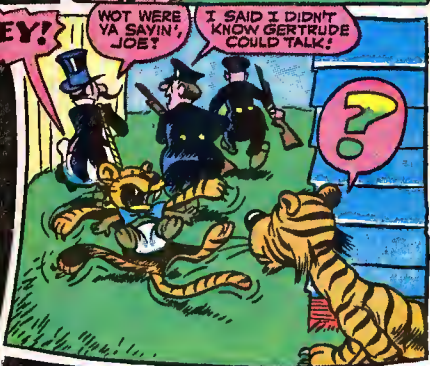
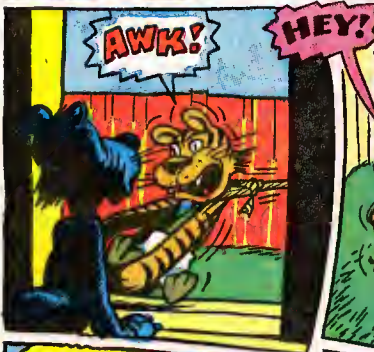
OKAY, MEN--I THINK WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

GRRRRRRRRR!

WOW! I GOTTA DO SOME FAST THINKIN'!

?

IDEA!

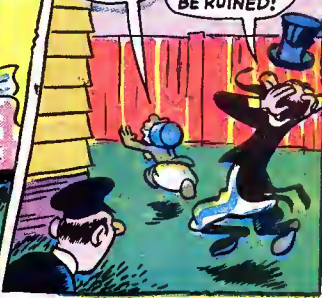


WAROOOOOAR!
OOOOO ARRH!
OWROOO!

QUIT DAT JITTERBUGGIN'
AN' START RUNNIN',
ANIMILE... **QUICKLIKE!**

PETUNIA--
HOLD IT!
WAIT!

GERTRUDE--
SHOT! MY
CIRCUS WILL
BE RUINED!



THERE, THERE,
GERTRUDE--
DON'T CRY!

OFFICER, ARREST THAT
WOMAN FOR ATTEMPTED
MURDER!

BOO-HOO.
HO!

WAIT, MISTER--
I HAVE A
PROPOSITION
TO MAKE!



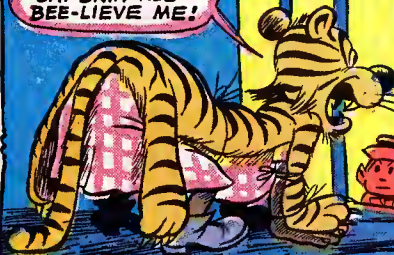
--AN' WE
COULD USE THE
SAME TIGER RUG!
HOW'S THAT,
SIR?

NOT BAD, NOT BAD!
IT'LL WORK UNTIL
POOR GERTRUDE
RECOVERS, I
GUESS!



LISTEN, FELINE, AH DOAN' CARE
WHETHAH IT AM DE STYLE OR NOT--
BUT WHEN AH GETS OUTA HERE, AH
IS GONNA BE DE FIRST PERSON
IN DIS TOWN VID A
CAT-SKIN RUG---
BEE-LIEVE ME!

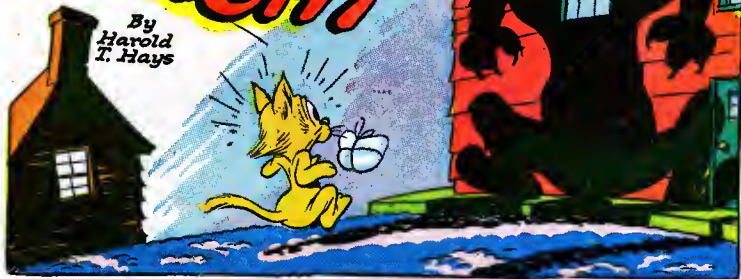
SH-HH-- **QUIET, PETUNIA!**
YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING!
QUIT GRIPING-- AN'
GROWL!



the end

THE FLIGHT

By
Harold
T. Hays



CASPAR was a scaredy-cat! That is exactly what he was. He was so jumpy and nervous that all the other cats in the neighborhood used to tease him about it all the time.

"Sufferin' cats!" they would shout. "Here comes fearless Caspar!"

"Howlin' catfish, what a sissy!"

"Well, dog my cats if it ain't quakin' Caspar!"

The truth is that Caspar was indeed afraid. He would never walk under ladders, and would never go near his cousin Caroline, because she was a **BLACK** cat! Everyone tried to show him how silly he was, but it was no use.

One evening, shortly after sunset, Caspar was at home working on his stamp collection. Suddenly, his mother exclaimed, "Mercy me! There's not a speck of catnip in the house! Caspar, run down to the store and get some, right now!"

"But, mother!" Caspar objected, "It's dark out! I'm afraid!"

"Nonsense, Caspar! You'll have to get over this foolishness sooner or later, and it might as well be right now! **GIT ALONG!**"

Caspar Cat was almost petrified with fear, but he knew he had to obey his mother. Slowly, he walked out of the house and into the dark street.

"G-gosh!" murmured Caspar. "I'm k-kinds s-scared! Guess I'll have to get that catnip, though!"

He ran to the store as fast as he could, and bought the catnip. "Now for the trip home!" Caspar stammered. "This is awful!"

He started through the streets, when all of a sudden a horrible dread overcame him! He knew he was being followed!

His heart began to beat so fast and so loudly that he could scarcely run for the pounding in his ears. What was worse, the more he ran, the nearer came his unknown pursuer!

"I knew it!" Caspar sobbed, as he raced along. "I knew when I left the house that something awful would happen!"

By this time, he was pounding on the front door of his house, and crying, "LET ME IN! LET ME IN!"

His mother opened the door, and Caspar fell into her arms, howling and yowling. "There!" he said, when he could speak once more. "I hope you're satisfied! A horrible monster fifty times as big as me, all black, with huge claws and great big fangs, chased me all the way home!"

"Rubbish!" said his mother firmly. "Show me this monster!"

Cautiously, Caspar opened the door. He stepped out on the porch, holding on to his mother's apron with one paw. "There it is! Right there!" he squeaked tearfully, pointing at the house across the way.

"Why, Caspar Cat!" laughed his mother. "That's nothing but your own **SHADOW!** You really are a coward!"

"Shadow?" repeated Caspar foolishly. "A shadow?"

It was then that Caspar learned how silly he had been. From that moment on, his stupid fear left him, never to return!

PIGSBY PIG

EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! WISBY WOLF BREAKS LEGS! IN A SERIOUS CONDITION!

NOW WHAT CAN THAT BE?

BOY! PAPER! PAPER, OVER HERE!

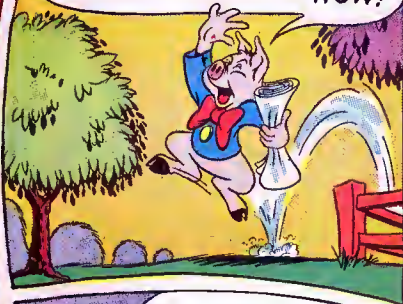
HERE YA ARE, SIR! AND IT'S A SHAME—TWO BEARTRAPS GOT 'IM, I THINK!

YEAH? WELL, GIVE ME A COPY QUICK!

OH, BOY!

WISBY WOLF
BREAKS LEGS
IN BED FOR
WEEKS SAYS
DOCTOR

I'M FREE! FREE! NO MORE
WORRYING ABOUT DODGING
THAT SLUG! I CAN GO AND
COME AS I PLEASE! WOW!

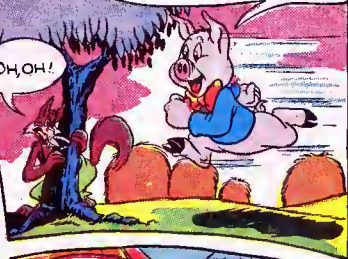


WELL, WELL!
MY PLAN
WORKED!
THE FAKE
NEWSPAPER
AND THIS MASK
FOOLED HIM!
NOW HE'LL BE
OFF GUARD!



BUT JUST TO
MAKE SURE, I'M GOIN'
OVER TO HIS HOUSE!

OH, OH!

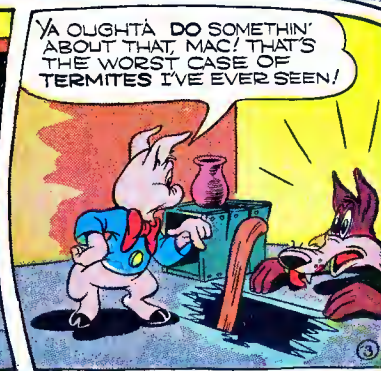
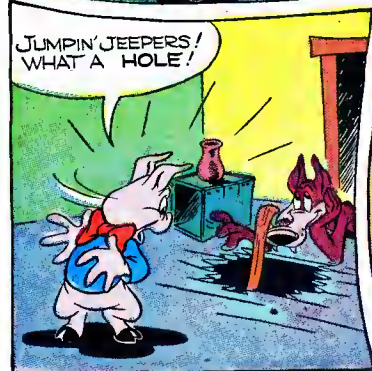
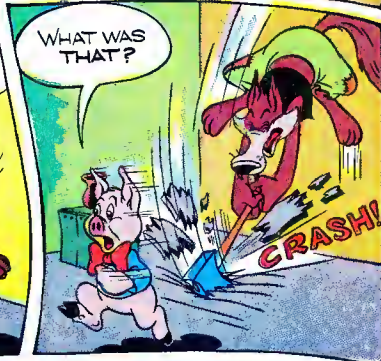
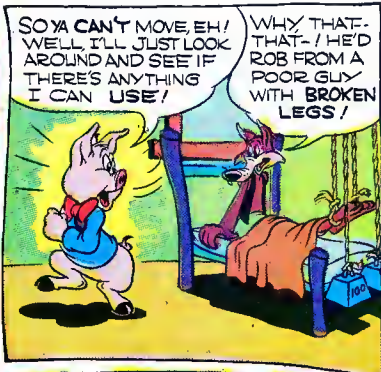
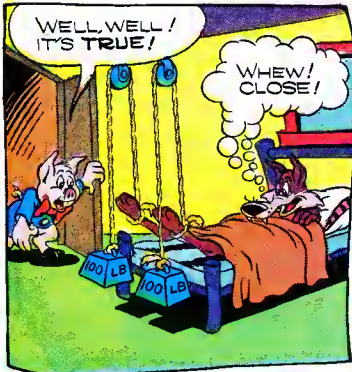


I'VE GOT TO BEAT
HIM OVER THERE!
WOW, WHAT A
SUSPICIOUS
GUY!

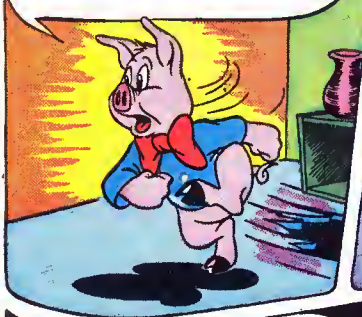


I HOPE I
MAKE IT!



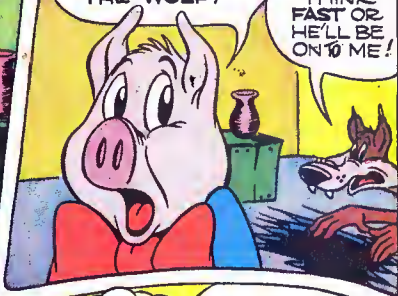


YES, SIR! THE WORST CASE
OF TERMITES I EVER—

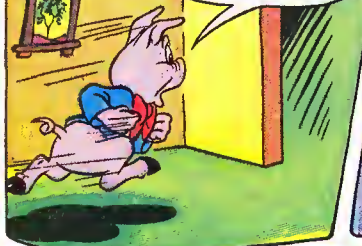


THE WOLF! I'LL
SWEAR THAT WAS
THE WOLF!

OH/OH!
I GOTTA
THINK
FAST OR
HE'LL BE
ON TO ME!

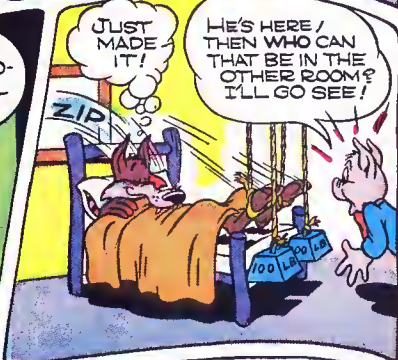


I'M GOIN' BACK TO THAT BED-
ROOM AND SEE IF HE'S STILL
IN THERE!

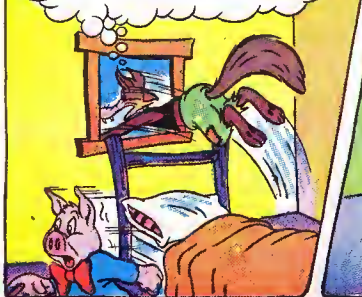


JUST
MADE
IT!

HE'S HERE /
THEN WHO CAN
THAT BE IN THE
OTHER ROOM?
I'LL GO SEE!

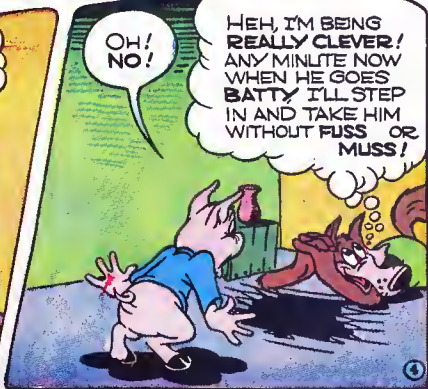


GULP! I'VE GOTTA MAKE
IT BEFORE HE DOES!

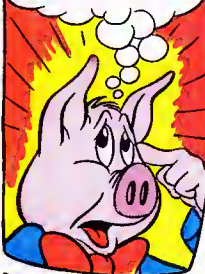


OH!
NO!

HEH, I'M BEING
REALLY CLEVER!
ANY MINUTE NOW
WHEN HE GOES
BATTY I'LL STEP
IN AND TAKE HIM
WITHOUT FUSS OR
MUSS!



THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOIN' ON HERE! I'M GONNA TEST THIS GUY!



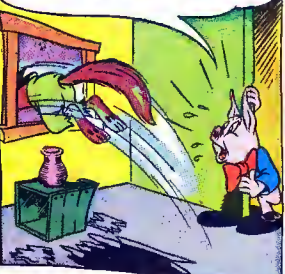
AHEM-I'VE GOTTA CHECK ON THAT WOLF AGAIN!



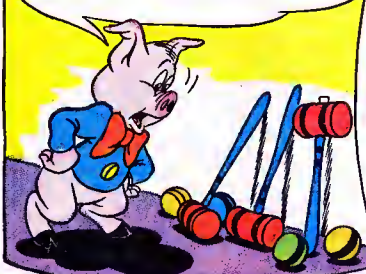
OOOPS! I'VE GOTTA BEAT HIM BACK THERE AGAIN! HE'S STILL RATIONAL!



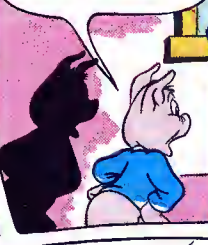
SO THAT'S IT! TRYIN' TO GET ME RATTLED, DRIVE ME CRAZY-THEN EAT ME! OKAY! HE ASKED FOR IT!



HM-M-A CROQUET SET, HUH? I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



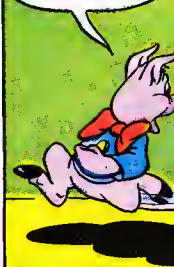
GRACIOUS, WISBY, Y' LOOK LIKE YOU HAVE A FEVER! YOU'RE PERSPIRING!



YES, I FEEL A LITTLE FEVERISH!



Y' BETTER LET ME GIVE YOU A COUPLE OF PILLS!

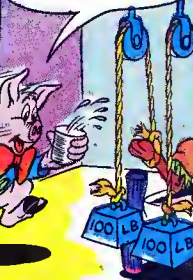


SURE!

THIS IS WORKIN' OUT SWELL! GET HIM CLOSE AND THEN-SLURP! FOOD!

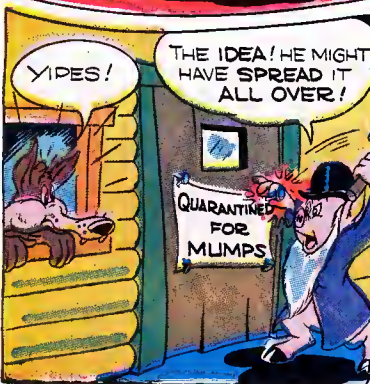
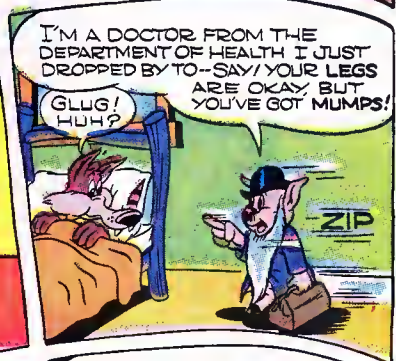
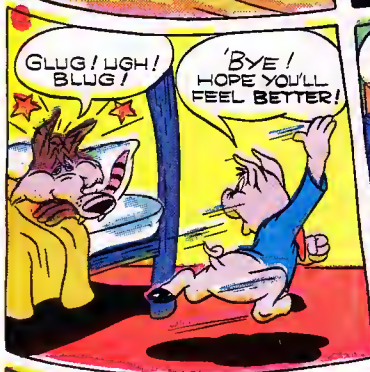


HERE, TAKE THIS WATER AND I'LL GIVE Y' THE PILLS! OPEN YOUR MOUTH WIDE!



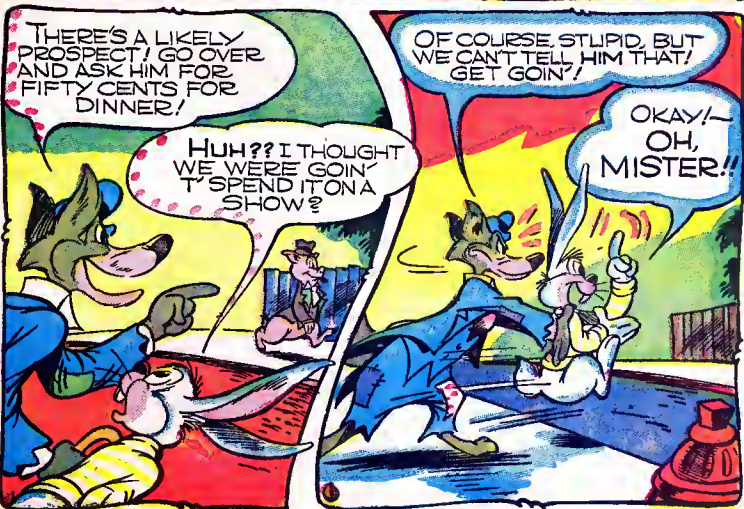
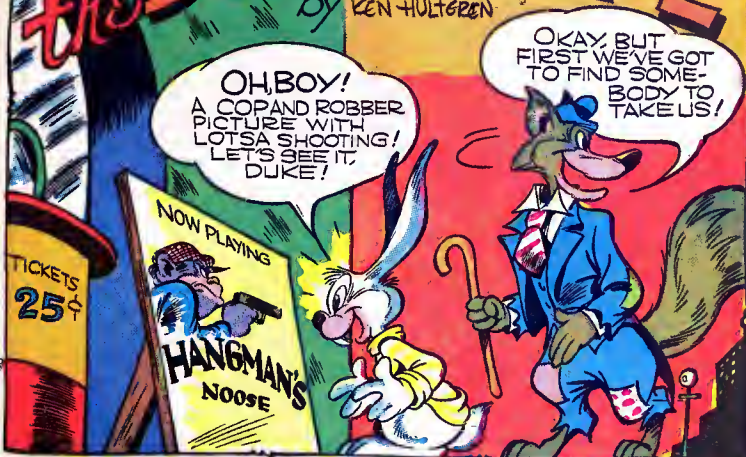
OKAY! HEH! I'M READY!

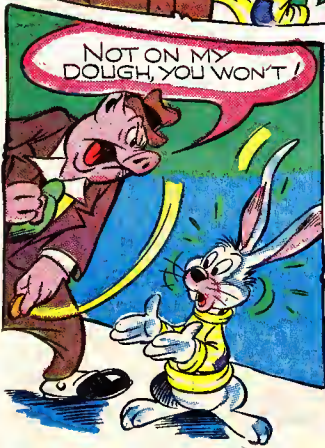
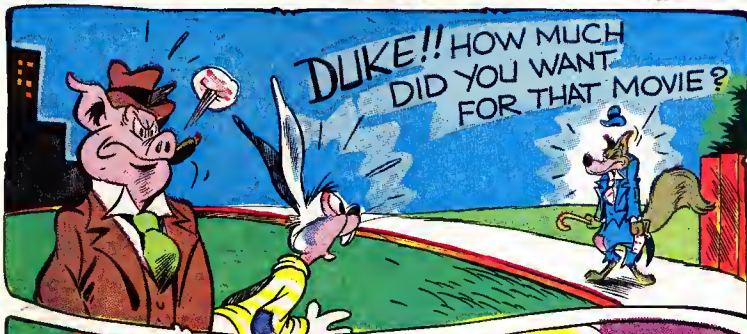
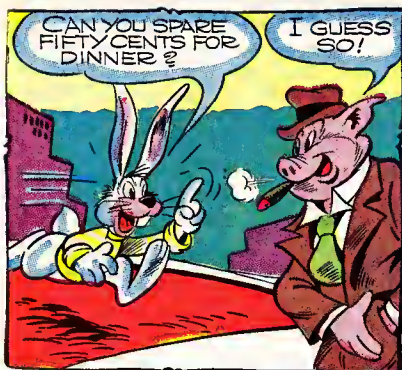


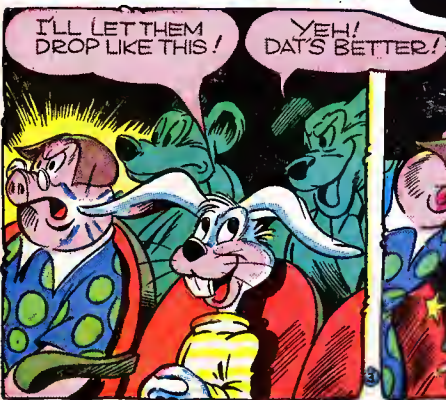
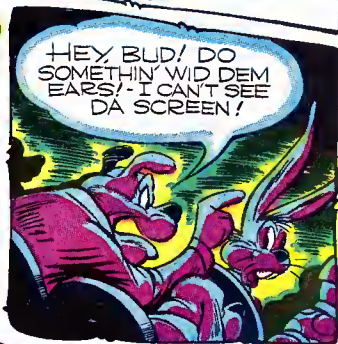
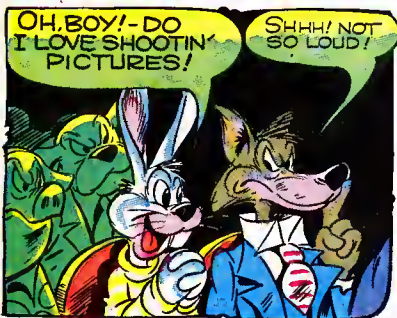
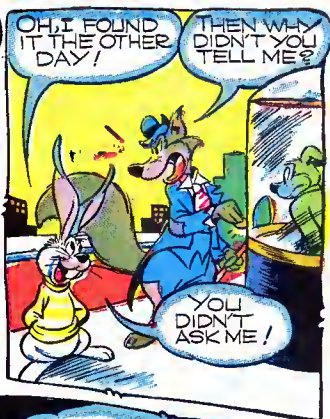
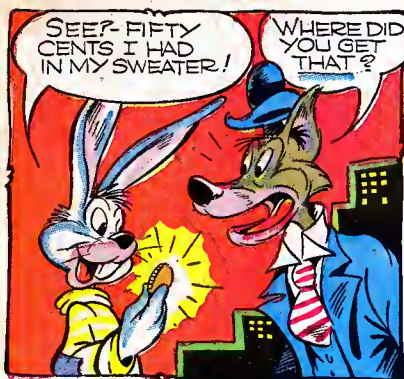


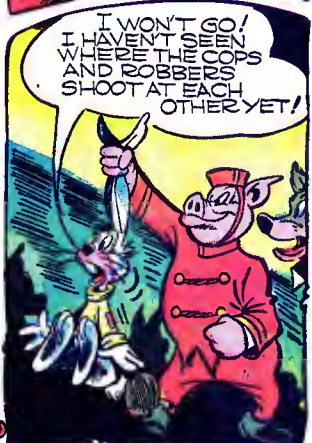
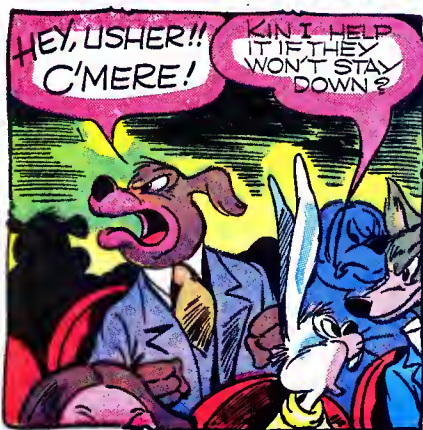
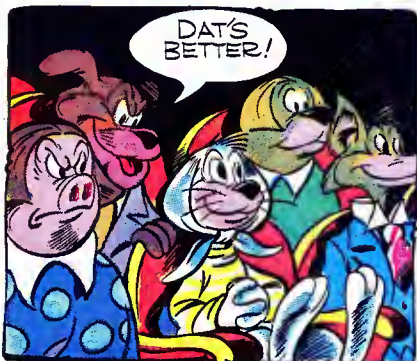
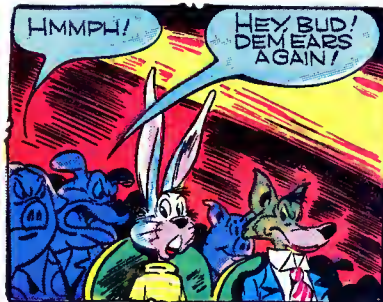
the DUKE and the DOPE

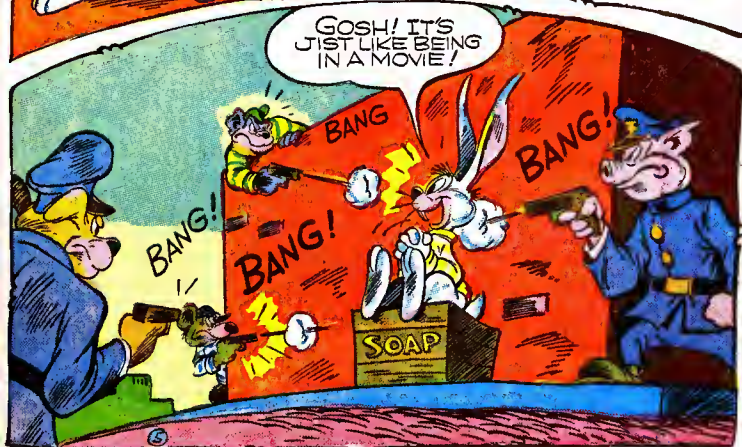
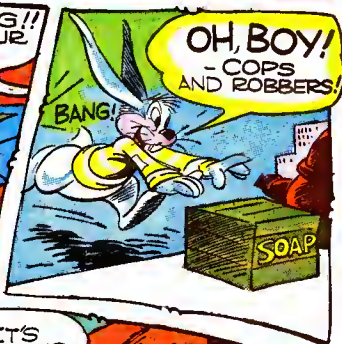
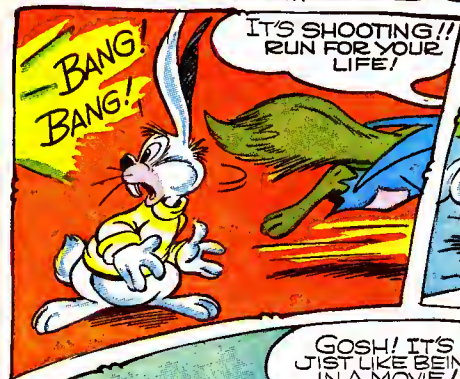
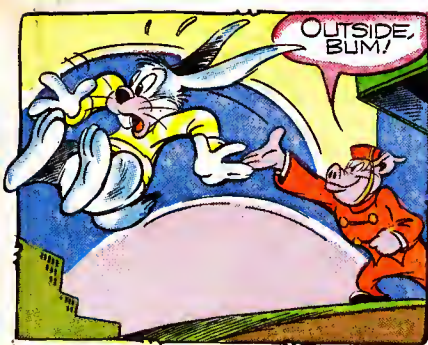
by KEN HULTGREN

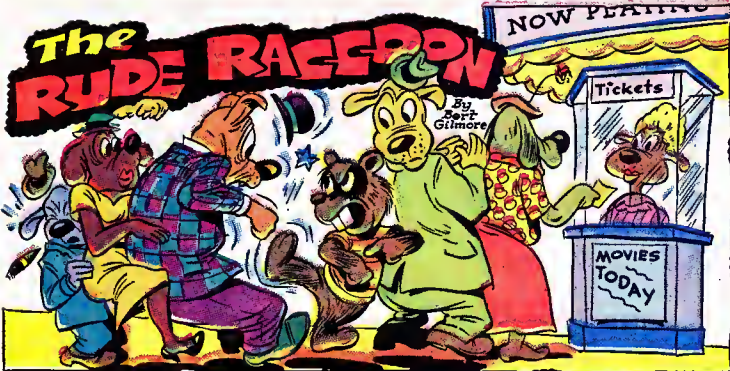












RADCLIFFE was the nastiest raccoon you could possibly imagine! He was so impertinent that everyone called him "RUDE RADCLIFFE", and with very good reason. He acted as though he were the only animal in the forest . . . pushing, shoving, grabbing and making a terrible pest of himself!

Now Radcliffe had one habit that was especially irritating. He was the little guy that could never wait on line for anything. Oh, no! When he went to the movies, for instance, and found a long line waiting for tickets, what did he do?

Why, he just stepped hard on a number of toes, jabbed his elbows into some stranger's ribs, butted his head against somebody's back, and PRESTO! There he was, right at the head of the line!

As a result of his selfish, bad manners, Radcliffe was disliked by everyone, particularly Harry Hare and Waldo Wabbit. Waldo couldn't pronounce his "s" very well, but he was a bright little fellow anyhow.

One morning, Waldo and Harry were talking about Radcliffe's vicious temper. Waldo said, "I tell you, Hawwy, Wadcliffe smacked me—wight in the wiba! He's mean!"

And Harry answered, "Mean? That's no word for him! He's a menace!"

As they talked, a plan formed in Waldo's mind. "Say, Hawwy," he shouted excitedly, "I've got an idea that'll fix that rotten waccoon! Wanna try it?"

"SURE!" answered Harry enthusiastically. "Any time you say!"

The rest of the morning they spent in visiting all their forest friends, until they had gathered a group of fifteen or twenty. Then Waldo explained his idea to them. Everyone thought it was keen!

They all went to a certain spot in the forest and waited and waited. Then, Waldo Wabbit whispered sharply, "Okay, fellas, Wadcliffe Waccoon is comin'!"

Quickly, all the animals formed a line and stood silently, one behind the other. When Radcliffe came along, he saw them and asked roughly, "Whatcha standin' on line for? Movies? Free samples?"

No one answered him. They just stood. Naturally, Radcliffe couldn't stand NOT KNOWING! So he got on the end of the line and fidgeted there for a few minutes. Then he started his old tricks! He elbowed and pushed and shoved everyone in front of him. Oddly enough, nobody said a word.

In his eagerness to get to the front of the line, Radcliffe didn't even bother to see where he was heading. Which was an important consideration, for the line started at the very edge of a steep little cliff!

Radcliffe tumbled, slipped, and over and over he went, rolling down the cliff smack into an uncomfortable thorn bush. When he looked up, he saw all the little animals peering down over the cliff at him. They never said a word. They were too busy laughing!

ALEC

AND IF YOU PASS THIS TEST, YOU'LL BE FIRST-CLASS SCOUTS!

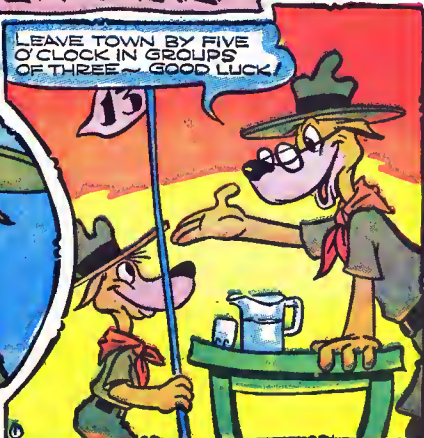
SCOUT
TROOP -
13
CLUB ROOM

13

LYNN KARP

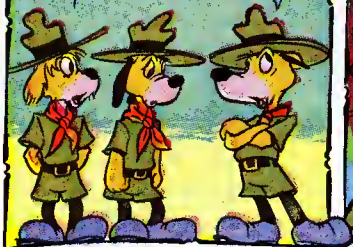
YOU MUST HIKE OUT IN THE WOODS WITHOUT COMPASS, MATCHES, OR TENT, STAY ALL NIGHT AND FIND YOUR WAY BACK!

LEAVE TOWN BY FIVE O'CLOCK IN GROUPS OF THREE - GOOD LUCK!



SEE, IT SOUNDS
TOUGH, ALEC!

YEP WE GOT
T'USE OUR
HEADS!



HERE'S MY PLAN! RED, YOU'LL START
THE FIRE, BUTCH'LL PROVIDE
SHELTER, AND I'LL SEE THAT WE
FIND OUR WAY HOME!

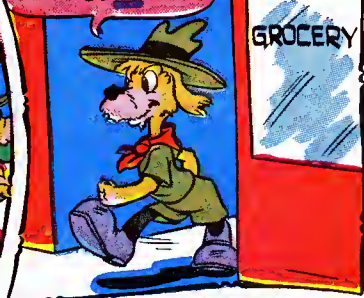


MEET Y'HERE AT
TEN T' FIVE-AND
COME PREPARED
T' DO YOUR PART!

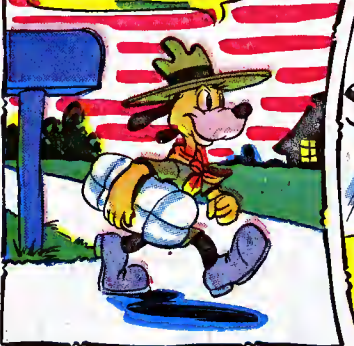
OKAY,
ALEC!



WELL, I'M
SET T' DO MY PART!



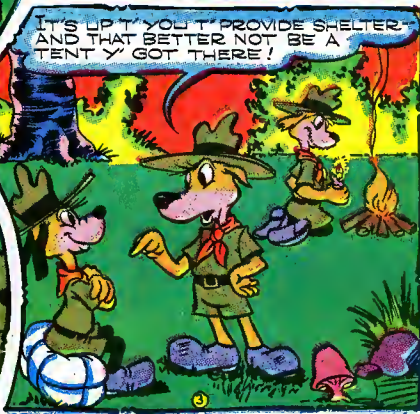
THAT SHELTER ANGLE
WAS A CINC!



BOY, AM I
NGENIOUS!

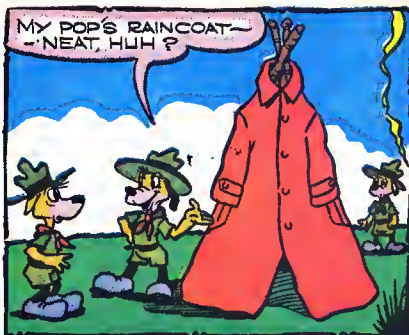
PET
SHOP







IT'S NOT A
TENT!



MY POP'S RAINCOAT--
NEAT, HUH?



BUTCH AND RED HAVE DONE
THEIR PART! NOW, WITH MORNING,
COMES ALEC'S TEST!



WELL, LET'S GET
STARTED HOME!
WHICH WAY D' WE
GO, ALEC?

THAT WAY-- NO--
THIS WAY-- OR
IS IT?--HMM...



SO! WE'RE
LOST!

ONLY TEMPORARILY,
FELLAS-- WATCH!



I TIE THE STRING TO THIS
HOMING PIGEON, SET IT FREE,
AND FOLLOW THE STRING AS IT
UNWINDS! INGENIOUS, HUH?

PRETTY SLICK!



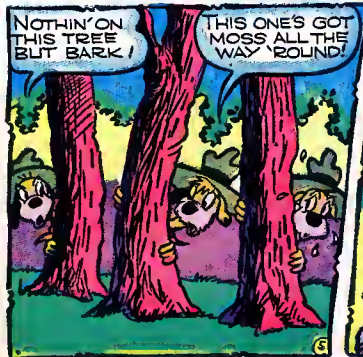
NOW WHAT, WISE GUY?

EASY, THE NORTH SIDE OF A TREE HAS MOSS ON IT. C'MON, WE'LL FIND ONE AND BE ALL SET!



SO!

DON'T GET EXCITED NOW, FELLAS! WE CAN TELL WHICH WAY'S WEST BY LOOKIN' AT THE SUN AND -





-RAIN!



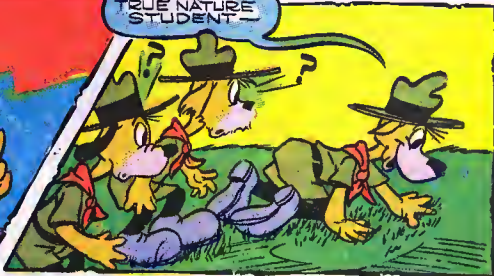
WELL, IT'S STOPPED
RAININ', JUST A
LOCAL SHOWER!

YEAH, BUT IT'S
STILL CLOUDY!

JUST FOLLOW
ME! Y' SEE
FELLAS A
TRUE NATURE
STUDENT—



I'VE GOT IT!



--KNOWS
THAT
SOONER
OR LATER--



?



--ANTS ALWAYS
END UP AT A
PICNIC!

CITY
PICNIC
PARK

SPENCER SPOOK

I'VE DONE IT!
I'VE DONE IT!
I MADE THEM MOVE!
I'VE PASSED MY
FINAL EXAMINATION!

AM I GLAD
TO GET OUT
OF THERE!
IT WAS HORRIBLE!
GHOSTS!

HURRY!
HE MIGHT
FOLLOW US!

Story-
HUBIE KARP

KEN CHAMPIN

I MUST TELL THE PROFESSOR!
I MADE THEM MOVE! NOW I'LL
BE A FULL-FLEDGED SPOOK!

IT WAS POPPING
OUT OF THAT MEAT
PIE AT DINNER THAT
DID IT! I'M GLAD
I PRACTICED IT
WELL IN CLASS!

SPOOK
COLLEGE

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU
MADE IT, SPENCER! YOU'RE
JUST IN TIME TO GRADUATE!

IT WAS TOUGH,
SIR!

YOU ALL HAVE YOUR DIPLOMAS!
FOR YOUR GRADUATION PRESENT,
YOU EACH GET THE HOUSE
IN WHICH YOU PASSED
YOUR FINAL EXAM! SO
GOOD BYE AND GOOD LUCK!

GEE WHIZ! WHAT
A SWELL PRESENT!

OH, BOY! I HAVE NEW
TENANTS ALREADY! I
MUST TEAR UP TO MY
ROOM AND GET A NAP
BEFORE DARK!

OH-OH! TIME TO
GO TO WORK!
BOY! THIS SHOULD
BE FUN!

I'LL START EASY!
I'LL JUST JOIN
THEM FOR DINNER!
HEH! HEH!

NOW WATCH THEM..
EH-PASS THE CHICKEN,
PLEASE!

SURE!
HERE Y'ARE!

WHAT?
A GUEST?

YES, HERMAN,
WE HAVE A GUEST
AND IT'S A —
IT'S A GHOST!

GUEST NOTHING!
NOBODY INVITED
HIM! GIVE ME BACK
THAT CHICKEN! IF YOU
WANT TO EAT, YOU'LL PAY!

PAY?
BUT I—I—
DON'T HAVE
ANY MONEY!!

THEN
LEAVE THE ROOM
THIS INSTANT!
YOU CAD!

I'M SORRY,
I—I—
GULP!

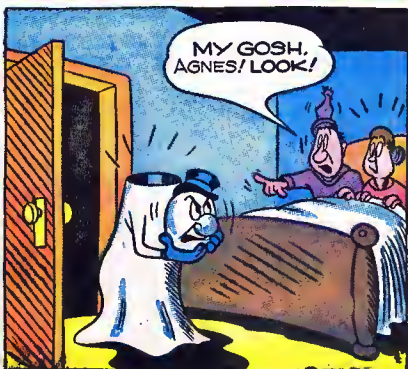
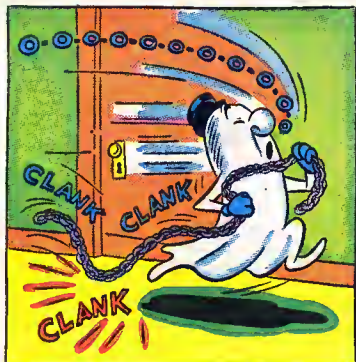
HEY! THEY WEREN'T
SCARED! AND HE EVEN
KICKED ME OUT OF THE
DINING ROOM!

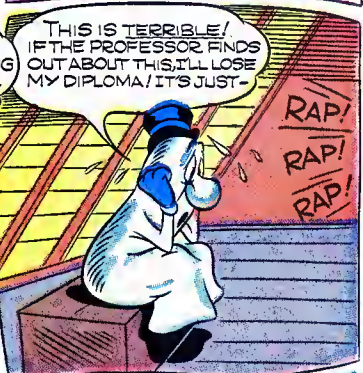
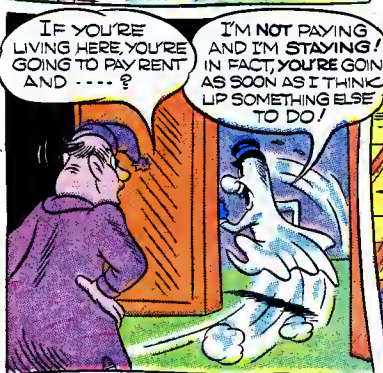
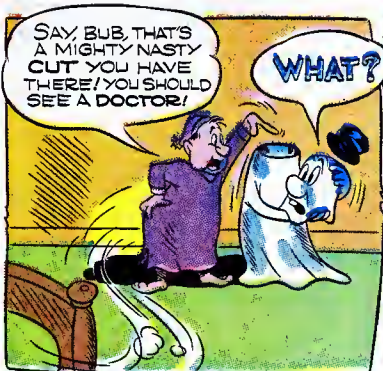
OKAY! THEY ASKED FOR IT!
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, WHEN THEY'RE
IN BED, I'LL TURN ON MY SUPER-
HAUNT ROUTINE! THEY'LL MOVE—
AND MOVE FAST!

HERE GOES! WITH THESE
CHAINS RATTLING PAST THEIR
DOOR, THEY'LL BE SCARED
TO DEATH!

BONG
BONG
BONG

BONG
BONG
BONG





NEXT DAY

I'M GOING TO
FIX THE WORST
HAUNT POSSIBLE!
THIS IS BOUND TO
DO TH' TRICK!

RAP!
RAP!
RAP!

LISTEN, YOU!
GO AWAY AND
STOP BOTHERING
ME!

I'M SORRY, BUT
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT!

OH, I'M
SORRY!
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
THE TENANT
HERE, AND.

NO! I'M NOT!
BUT I HAVE
A SUMMONS
HERE FOR
YOUR EVICTION!
PACK UP,
BUB, YOU'RE
MOVING!

THAT HEEL -
SNIFF. GETTING
TH' LAW AFTER ME!

YIPE!

LET ME OUT
OF HERE!
IT'S A
GHOST!

HEY! COME BACK HERE!
YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE
HIM GET OUT
OF HERE!

BROTHER, IF
YOU STAY HERE
ANOTHER MINUTE,
YOU'RE CRAZY!!



I'LL GET RID OF YOU, SPOOKY, JUST WAIT!

OH, YEAH? YOU'RE IN FOR TROUBLE, BROTHER!

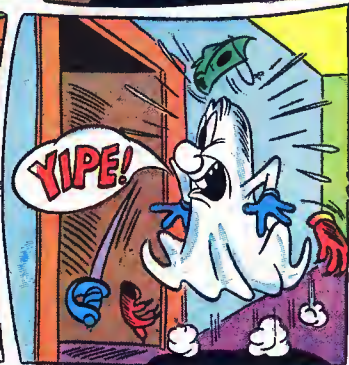
LATER



I SHOULD HAVE USED THIS GET UP SOONER! — NOW TO THEIR ROOM!



THIS GUY ALMOST HAD ME LICKED! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A DISGRACE!

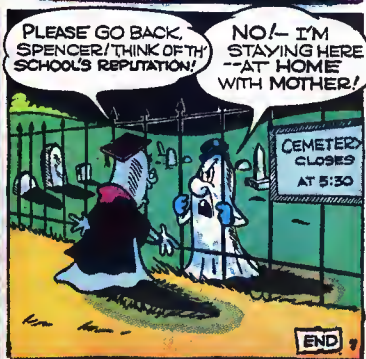


YIPE!



LET ME OUT OF HERE!

HEH/HEH!



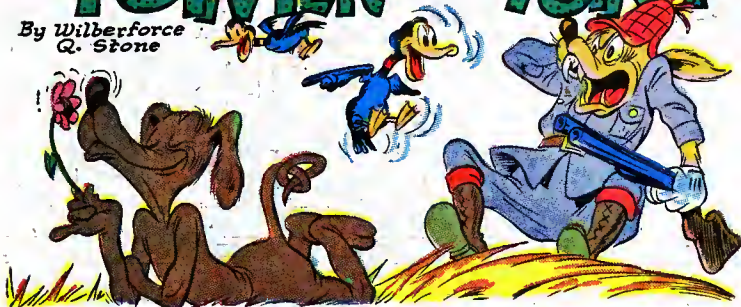
PLEASE GO BACK, SPENCER! THINK OF THE SCHOOL'S REPUTATION!

NO! — I'M STAYING HERE — AT HOME WITH MOTHER!

END

The **POINTER** That Wouldn't **POINT**

By Wilberforce
Q. Stone



POINTDEXTER was a brown-and-white spotted dog with a heart of gold. He belonged to the family of dogs called "pointer". Pointers are hunting dogs trained to stop at the scent of game birds and point. With their noses.

Now Pointdexter Pointer did not care to point at game birds. "If I point at them, they'll be found, and if they're found, they'll be shot! Why should I point at 'em? I LIKE game birds. There's something so—so—GAME about 'em!"

For this reason, Pointdexter developed a curious habit whenever his master, Wolcott Wolf, took him out hunting. Whenever he'd come anywhere near a clump of tall grass or a hedge where birds were gathered, Pointdexter would always *point the other way!*

As you can well understand, this habit made Wolcott Wolf jumping mad. He would jump up and down and from side to side and scream in a high, shrill voice, "You, Pointdexter! You jazy, flea-bitten dumb dog! Call yerself a pointer, huh? Why, you don't get the point at all! Yet supposed to POINT at the birds, so's I can SHOOT 'em! See?"

But no amount of shouting would make Pointdexter Pointer point. In fact, he said this very distinctly to Wolcott Wolf on more than one occasion:

"Wolcott Wolf," he said, "I refuse to become a menace to our little feathered forest friends! They have never done me any harm, with the exception, perhaps, of that grouse who doesn't return back. I will not lead them to disaster and doom!"

Well, this sort of thing went on for quite a while. Wolcott Wolf insisted on taking his hunting rifle out every day to shoot birds with, and Pointdexter Pointer refused to point at the birds so Wolcott could shoot them!

It got so bad that Wolcott and Pointdexter wouldn't even speak to each other. They'd set out on a hunting trip at sunrise and come home after sunset without having even exchanged a single word.

Finally, Wolcott Wolf took a stand. "See here, Pointdexter," he said, "we've got to reach an understanding. Be reasonable! You're a pointer. **POINT!**"

Pointdexter answered calmly, "I have a suggestion to make. Naturally, you are embarrassed, because you own a pointer that won't. Well, I'll point if you'll agree to my demand!"

"Anything! Anything at all!" answered Wolcott Wolf eagerly. "If you would only point, I would be a happy wolf!"

The next day, when they went out hunting, everyone was treated to a strange sight. Pointdexter Pointer ran over to a clump of grass, where a family of birds was nesting. He pointed his nose at them sharply.

"Good dog!" smiled Wolcott Wolf, and raised his rifle.

BANG! went a loud report.

But not a single bird was shot. For Pointdexter Pointer had made Wolcott Wolf use **BLANKS** instead of bullets!

THE PICNIC LUNCHES

**GIL
TURNER**



2

7



HA

HANDS
UP!

IT'S A
HOLDUP!

~AND NOW, THE
PICNIC LUNCHES,
IF YOU PLEASE!

WE'D BETTER
REPORT-

-THIS-

-TO THE
CONSTABLE!

BOYO-BOY!
WAIT'LL TH'
GANG SEES
THIS HAUL!

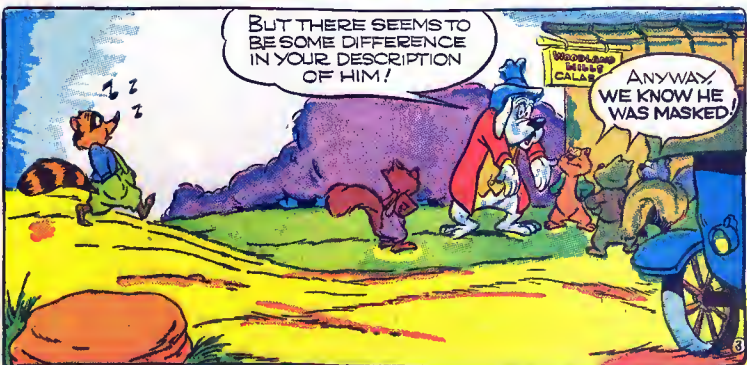
THIEF!

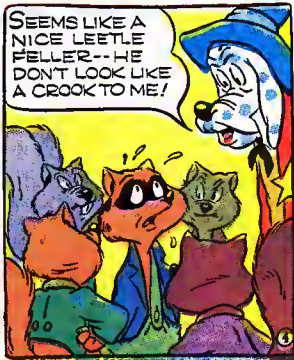
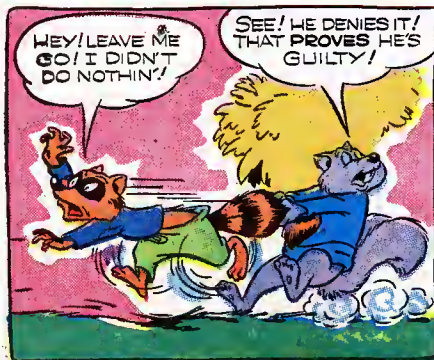
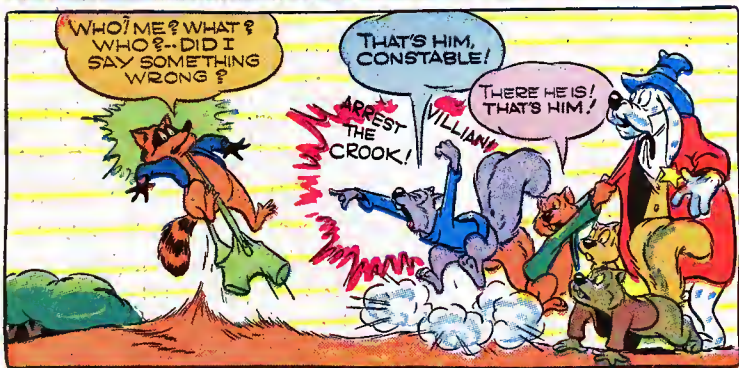
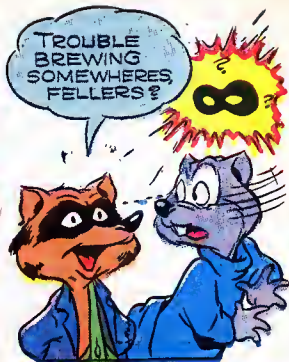
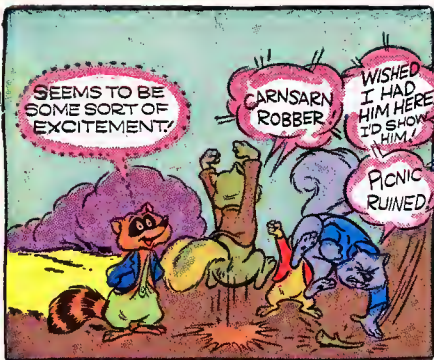
ROBBER!

HELP
MURDER!

HOLDUP
MEN!

POLICE!





ALL RIGHT! IF HE ISN'T
A CROOK, ASK HIM WHY
HE HAS ON A
BLACK MASK!



BECAUSE I'VE ALWAYS HAD IT!
AND WHAT'S MORE, I LIKE IT!
~AND IF I HAD YOUR OLD
YELLOW TEETH, I WOULDN'T BE
TALKIN' ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE!



OH!
WHAT YOU
SAID!

YEAH, AN' JUST
WAIT TILL A JURY
HEARS MY CASE!
THEY'LL DECIDE!



WE'VE ALREADY DECIDED!
YOU'RE GUILTY!



Wow! I HAVEN'T
A CHANCE! I'LL BE
SENT UP THE RIVER
FOR SURE BY THAT
SQUIRRELY JURY!



WELL! WELL!
I NEVER SAW THE
HAPPY FOREST
QUITE THAT HAPPY
BEFORE!



FOLLOW ME, MEN!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHO'S
AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS
CRIME WAVE!

JEEPERS! TH' CONSTABLE!

- AND THEN THEY PIN TH' RAP ON SOME LITTLE 'COON!

YOU CAN MAKE UP YOUR MINDS UP YOUR MINDS WHETHER YOU WANT

JEEPERS! TH' CONSTABLE!

- AND THEN THEY PIN TH' RAP ON SOME LITTLE 'COON!

YOU CAN MAKE UP YOUR MINDS UP YOUR MINDS WHETHER YOU WANT

YOU CAN MAKE UP YOUR MINDS WHETHER YOU WANT TO HARVEST ACORNS OR SPEND THIRTY DAYS IN THE CALABOOSE!

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!

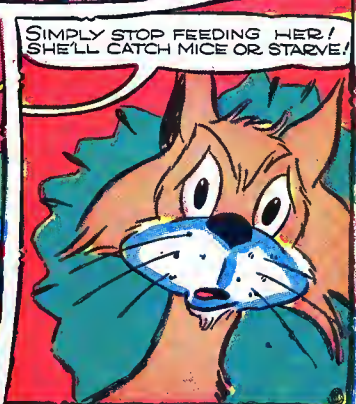
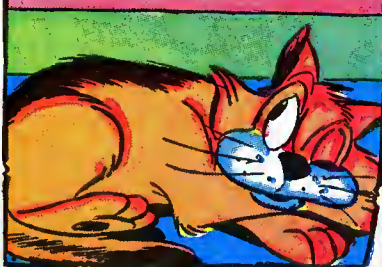
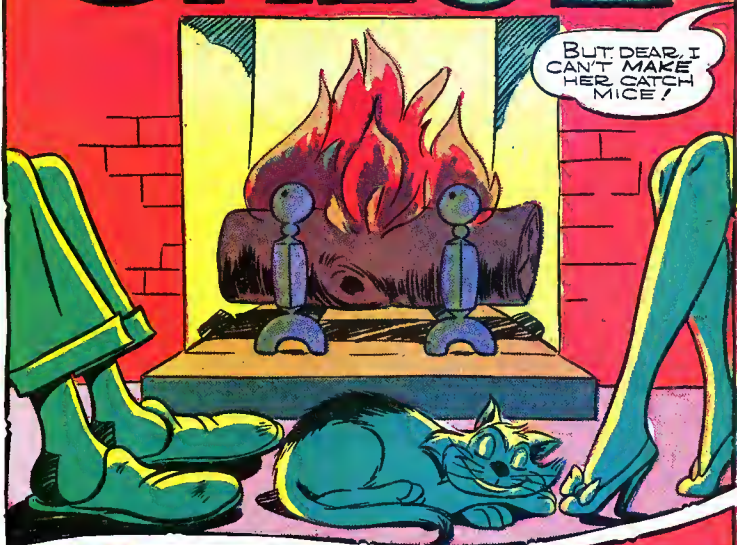
6

YOU CAN MAKE UP YOUR MINDS WHETHER YOU WANT TO HARVEST ACORNS OR SPEND THIRTY DAYS IN THE CALABOOSE!

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!

6

CHLOE



AND WE START BY
NOT FEEDING HER TONIGHT!

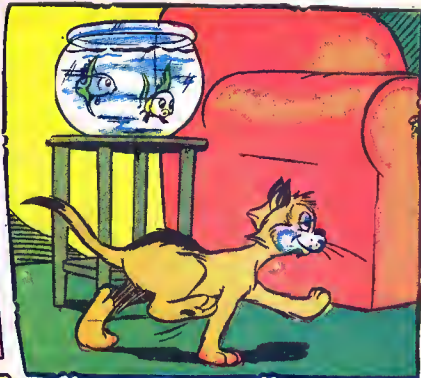
OKAY, DEAR,
GOOD NIGHT!

SO THEY'RE GONNA
STARVE ME, HUH? WELL,
WE'LL SEE ABOUT
THAT!

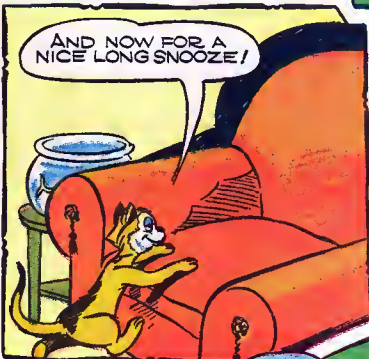
-AND LOBSTER! ALWAYS
BEEN PARTIAL TO LOBSTER
AND, AH—TUNA!

AH, SMACK! WHAT A DELICIOUS
REPAST! STARVE ME, HUH?
WHAT A LAUGH!

NOW TO DITCH THE EVIDENCE
SO THE OLD GAL WON'T
GET WISE!



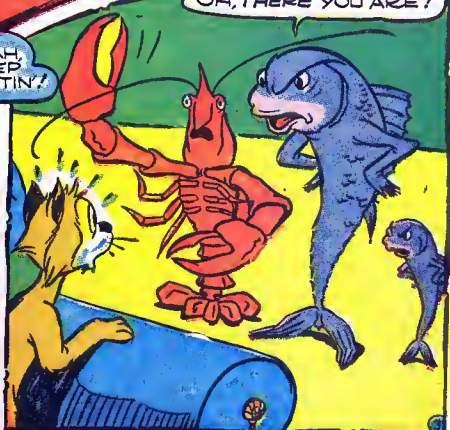
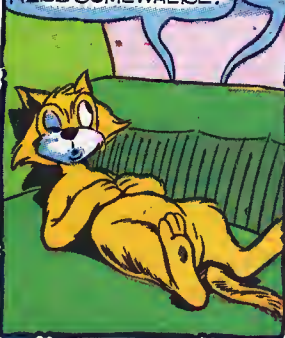
AND NOW FOR A
NICE LONG SNOOZE!

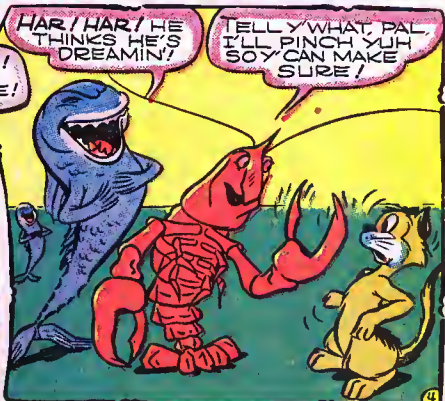
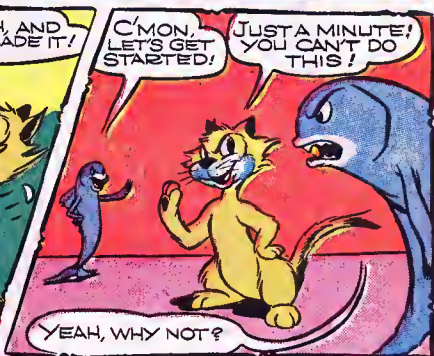
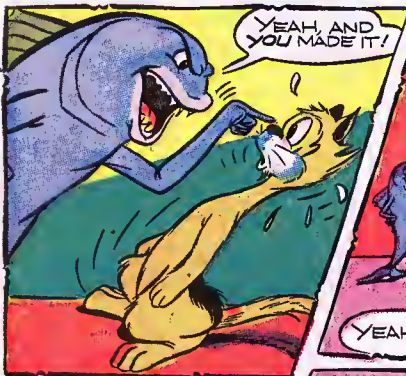
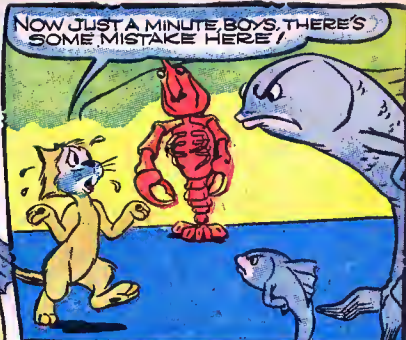


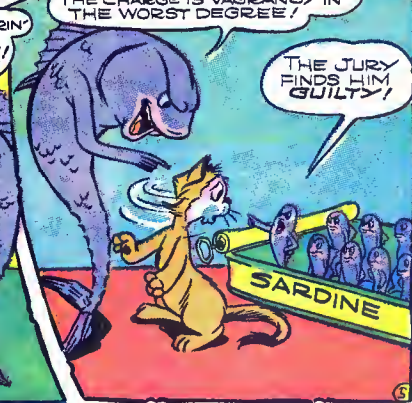
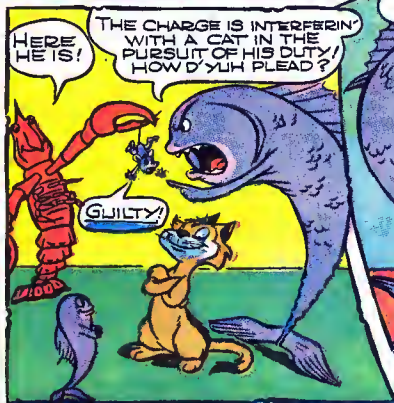
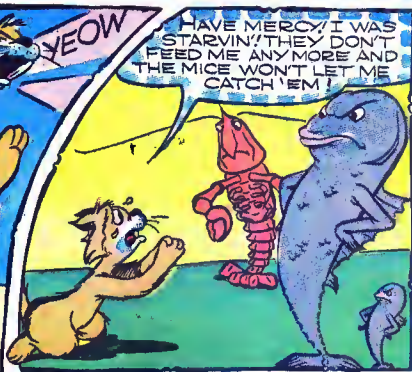
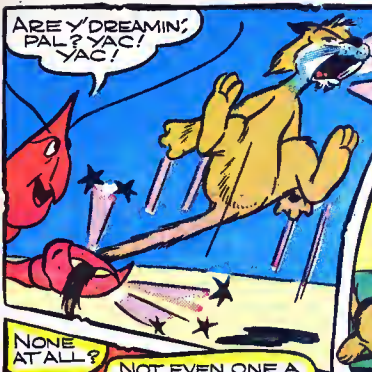
OH, THERE YOU ARE!

HE'S AROUND
HERE SOMEWHERE!

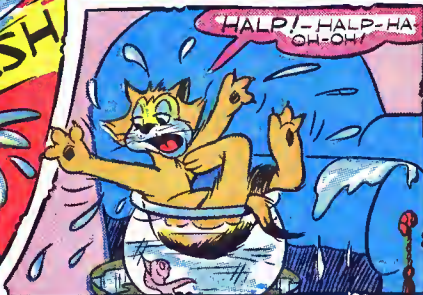
YEAH,
KEEP
HUNTIN'!







I'M SENDIN' Y' BOTH UP THE RIVER — ON THE BOTTOM!



OH, BOY WHAT A RELIEF!
I DID HAVE A NIGHTMARE!



YEAH AND NEXT
TIME LEAVE
ME OUT OF IT!





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You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1253, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



Given

Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.



POWERFUL TELESCOPE
GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

CAMERA
Candid type.

GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

Birthstone RING

Now, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. **GIVEN** for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



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Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

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Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.



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Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.

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Gives hours of entertainment. **GIVEN** for selling only 1 order.



SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order as per catalog.



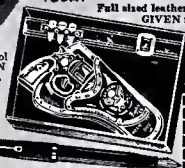
TEASPOONS



SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. **GIVEN** for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. **GIVEN** for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

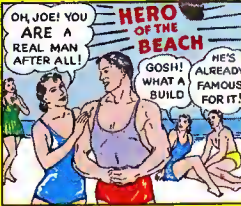
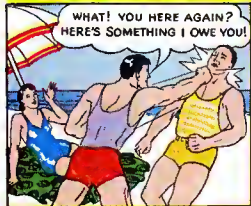
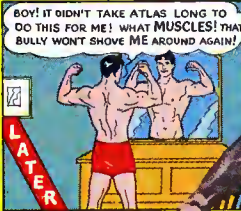
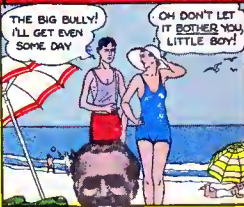
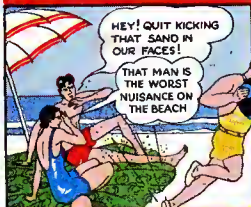
GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-457, Jefferson, Iowa.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-457, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

Name
Address
City
State Gift Wanted

HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD
OF SHAME



Charles
Atlas

—actual photo of
the man who holds
the title, "The
World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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